

THE YAZOO WHIG AND POLITICAL REGISTER.

J. A. STEVENS, Editor & Proprietor.

YAZOO CITY, (MI.) FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1841.

VOL. 6, No. 10.—Whole No. 270.

Yazoo City Whig and Political Register,

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY,

BY J. A. STEVENS,

(CITY PRINTER, Range 4)

On Main Street, opposite M. B. Timmer's, in the north end of the "Manchester Hall."

TERMS.—The Whig will be furnished to subscribers at \$3 00 per annum in advance.

Advertisements will be inserted at the rate of \$1 00 per square for the first insertion, and 50 cents for each week thereafter—ten lines or less, constituting a square. The number of insertions required, must be marked on the margin of the manuscript, or they will be inserted till forbid, and charged accordingly. Advertisements from a distance, must be accompanied with the cash, or good reference in town. Advertising candidates for office will be \$10 for county officers, \$10 for state officers—in advance.

All advertisements of a personal nature will be charged double price, and payment required in advance.

Yearly Advertising.

Forty lines or less, renewable at pleasure \$80. No contract taken for less than one year—and payable half yearly in advance.

The privilege of annual advertisers is limited to their own immediate business; and all advertisements for the benefit of other persons, sent in by them must be paid for by the square.

Professional Advertisements.

For 10 lines or less, not alterable, 3 months, \$12

" 10 do do do 6 do, 20

" 10 do do do 12 do, 30

As the above rates are the same as those established in Natchez, Vicksburg, Jackson, Grand Gulf and elsewhere in this State, no deduction will be made from them in any case whatever.

ALL JOB WORK MUST BE PAID FOR ON DELIVERY.

PROFESSIONAL.

C. F. HAMER,

Attorney at Law,

YAZOO CITY, MISSISSIPPI.

March 8, 1840. 44—If

JOHN BATTAILE,

Attorney at Law,

BENTON,

Yazoo County, Mi.

Will regularly attend each term of the Superior Court of Chancery, the High Court of Errors and Appeals, and the Circuit Courts of Holmes, Attala and Yazoo.

Q. D. GIBBS,

Attorney and Counsellor,

Yazoo City, Mississippi.

Will regularly attend the Circuit Courts of Yazoo and Holmes counties, the Federal Court and Chancery court at Jackson, and the Supreme court.

Office adjoining his residence on Broad street. April 16, 1841. 40 6m

L. P. MAXWELL,

COTTON FACTOR

AND

General Commission Merchant.

Back Office, No. 69, MAGAZINE STREET, NEW-ORLEANS.

ALL COTTON consigned to his address, will be sold, each crop separately. Beside the regular commission on sales, the expenses actually paid out on each bale will be charged, and no more.

New-Orleans, June 28, 1841. 51-61.

GEORGE LIMERICK & CO.,

VICKSBURG,

A FEW DOORS NORTH OF CHILDREN'S HOTEL, ON WASHINGTON STREET.

Offers for Sale,

750 BARRELS of Mess and Prime Pork.

350 Kegs, & 75 Bbls. of Lard.

80,000 lbs of Bacon.

300 pieces of Bagging & Rope.

With a variety of articles in the same line.

Vicksburg, June 3, 1841. 48—If

NOTICE.

I HAVE been appointed by the Governor of the State of New York, a commissioner for the State of Mississippi, to take the acknowledgment and proof of deeds and other instruments of writing under seal to be used or recorded in the said State of New York, and to administer oaths or affirmations, pursuant to the act of the Legislature of said State, entitled "An act to authorize the appointment of Commissioners for the above purposes," passed May 15, 1840.

F. W. QUACKENBOSCH,

Commissioner &c.

January 1st, 1841.

A CARD.

WILLIAM F. COURTENAY,

Commission Merchant,

Corner of Jackson and Levee Streets, fronting the Landing, Vicksburg.

KEEPS constantly on hand a general assortment of FURNITURE, STOVES, PAINTS, OILS, and GROCERIES, WINES, AND LIQUORS, all of which shall be furnished at a small advance on New-Orleans prices. Wines and LIQUORS shall be furnished pure and unadulterated, and of the very choicest brands.

Liberal advances made on cotton consigned to New-Orleans.

February 26, 1841.

33-4.

ASK, INQUIRE—

Ask Those who Know.

THOSE only who know by trial or immediate observation, can form any idea of the effects of the perfect relief, of the almost charm-like cures effected in case of the PILES, RHEUMATISM, ALL SWELLINGS, AND ALL EXTERNAL PAINS, no matter how severe, by the use of Hay's Liniment. Find one who has used it that will not laud it above all things ever used, and you will find—what cannot be found.

For the relief of suffering human beings who may be afflicted, I beg you to ask—inquire, and you will find many knowing of cases unconquerable by all other remedies, or physicians, though tried for many years, that have been cured by the use of the genuine

Hay's Liniment.

Thousands of other persons know of similar cures. We appeal to their sense of justice—their human feelings.

It is but a duty you owe to your suffering fellow-beings, to let this great remedy be known. Speak of it then to all your friends.

This will save much pain where the newspapers are not read, or where readers are incredulous, because so many worthless articles are advertised for the same purpose.

To buyers we say, if all who have used it do not say it is beyond all praise, then do not take it. The proprietor will not allow this article to be paid for unless it cures, when all the directions are fully followed.

Will any one suffering refuse now to try it? If he does, he ought to be pitied more for his obstinacy than his suffering.

Mr. Hays would never consent to offer this article, were he not compelled by his sense of moral—of religious duty—to do all in his power for the victims of distress and misery. For this purpose he would sooner devote a fortune, than secure a dollar for any worthless article.

LOOK OUT.—Some swindlers have counterfeited this article, and put it up with various devices. Do not be imposed upon. One thing only will protect you—it is the name of COMSTOCK & CO.; that name must be always on the wrapper, or you are cheated. Do not forget it. Take this direction with you, and test by that, or never buy; for it is impossible for any other to be true or genuine.

SOLOMON HAYS.

Sold by COMSTOCK & CO., 2 Fletcher street, New York, and in Yazoo City, by R. H. RANDOLPH.

April 2, 1841.

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TO THE BALD HEADED, AND OTHERS.

DOES any know a neighbor or a friend who has been Bald, and whose head is now covered with fine hair? One whose coat collar was covered with dandruff, though brushed every hour—Or one whose hairs at early age were turning grey, who now has not a grey hair? Children whose heads were covered with acut, whose hair would not grow, that are now growing the fullest crops of hair? Some cases must be known to most persons. Ask them the cause, and you will be told, these things have been done by the use of the BALM OF COLUMBIA. Of 20 years growth is this article, its demand increasing annually some hundred per cent.—though when discovered not opposed by any thing for the same purpose, now assailed by almost numberless mushroom trash preparations that will ruin the hair if used to any extent. Can more than these facts be wanted—refer to the recommendations by a list of names of respectability, unequalled by any other article. Look to these things—buy this article. Stay and preserve your hair by its use, or if bald restore it. Ladies, attend to this—hundreds in fashionable life are using it as the only article really fit for the toilet. Long hair is very apt to fall out. Ladies, use the Balm of Columbia in time to save yourselves the disgrace of baldness by neglect of your persons.

It is your duty, as moralists, to preserve the beauties of nature, with which a bountiful Creator has endowed you—use the Balm, for it will do it.

Caution to be Observed.

Several most flagrant attempts have been made to counterfeit the Balm of Columbia. Some of the impostors have gone so far as to counterfeit the splendid wrappers, and the Falls of Niagara, and every external mark except the name of Comstock, which they dare not forge.

To avoid impositions therefore, always look for the name of Comstock & Co. or L. S. Comstock, and never buy the article unless it has that name upon it.

Sold wholesale and retail at No. 2 Fletcher street, New York; and by

R. H. RANDOLPH,

March 12, 1841. 35 Yazoo City.

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THE WHIG & REGISTER.

Terms—\$5 in Advance.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

EAST PASCAGOULA, AUG. 1, 1841.

Attack by seventy Seminoles on the Light House at Key-Biscayne off Cape Florida.

—Brave defence by an old veteran seaman of the late War.—Unheard of suffering.—Captain Armstrong, U. States Navy.—Key-West.—Charleston.—Gen. Jackson.—Mr. Pringle.—Mr. Pickens, of South Carolina.—Reward of a Patriot of the late War.—The poor Fisherman.

To the Editor of the Yazoo City Whig.

I hand you enclosed the statement of John W. B. Thompson for publication.

It is written in as nearly his own words as I could put it down, and with a view (by his consent) of publication. Thompson was born in Perth Amboy, New Jersey, and is now 58 years old. He fought on board our navy during the last war, and was badly wounded in the shoulder at the glorious battle of Plattsburgh on Lake Champlain, 6th September 1814. He is an intelligent man, and is now living the life of a recluse on the banks of this Bay. I came upon him during my morning's ramble, seated on an old log under a live oak tree, with a book in his hand, dressed in a check shirt and duck trousers, both patched so often that you could not well make out the original color of the stuff he wore.

It was so strange a sight to see a man in his garb reading; that I went up to him and after some conversation drew from him his history. You may remember to have seen some account of the burning of the Light House on Key-Biscayne off Cape Florida by the Seminoles in July 1835.—published first in one of the Charleston papers.

Since Daniel Boone, I do not believe there has lived a more extraordinary man than this.

He has been upwards of twenty years in Florida, and a history of the cruises of his small vessel, the "William," or "Little Billy" with a boy named Mack, (to whom he refers in the statement below) would form a romance of the wildest nature. He now lives by fishing and is reduced to the utmost verge of poverty, yet he is cheerful in conversation, when once he forms an acquaintance and is treated with due respect. I made him a small donation which he expended in buying a pair of shoes and some fishing tackle. I went to see him every day for a week but never could get him to accompany me to the Hotel. He is a man about 6 feet high with a spare and sinewy form, very deep chest, fine open countenance, light blue eyes, and light hair, sprinkled with gray.

Perhaps if you will publish the enclosed, it may be of service to him in procuring relief from government.

Certainly if the government has any favors to bestow, his claims are entitled to notice, not as a favor but as being due to a veteran who has lost his little all, and spent his life in the service of his country.

But let him tell his own tale, beginning with the

Attack on the Light House.

"There stood an old man—his hairs were white. But his veteran arm was full of might; So gallantly bore he the brunt of the fray, The dead before him on that day

In a semi-circle lay; Still he combatted unwounded, Though retreating, unassailed."

—Sage of Corinth.

"All in a hot and copper sky, The bloody sun at noon, Right up above the Light House stood, No bigger than the moon."

—The Ancient Mariner.

It was about four months after I had gone under a contract to keep the Light House at the Key off Cape Florida. The former keeper had abandoned it in alarm, for the Seminoles had been committing various depredations all along shore.

I was to receive one thousand dollars a year and furnish the additional aid of my black man Carter who was my only companion, and generally did the work of cook, and was a very good one all except the coffee, and that he never could get right, sometimes it was toasted too much, sometimes too little, but Carter knew all about fish and oysters, and made capital bread. I had the promise of some men to assist as guards to the Light House but they never came.

Well, as I was saying, it was about four months after I entered on the duties of Light House keeper that I smelt the coffee parching in the house,—that is in the brick dwelling attached to the Light House which we used now as a kitchen, preferring to lodge in the Light House, because it was more secure, and I did not like to trust much to my neighbors the Seminoles; for you see I knew that the old Chief Alabama

Alabama was one of the leaders at the Fort Mims massacre.

had been shot by a man named Lumlin, for insulting his wife.—Now Lumlin was a poor man but when Alabama offered the insult to his wife, he came home, and what did he do but take down his Rifle, walk straight to where the old head devil was, and sent a ball through his head, and setting fire to his lodge burnt it up, and roasted him to a crisp.—Alabama had three dogs, two very large ones and a small, and they staid by the body until they eat it entirely up; then the two large dogs eat up the small dog; and then set up a howl; and always beat them back. So notwithstanding none of the Indians liked the old Tyrant Alabama, and although Lumlin had been sent to prison in Key West for shooting him and his family reduced almost to starvation, notwithstanding they knew all this, still they pretended to be very much enraged about it, whereas if the truth must be told they were glad of it, as they were rid of Alabama and had a good excuse to shoot and plunder as much as they pleased.

It must have been about four in the afternoon when I started from the Light House to see about parching the coffee. The dwelling house was about twenty paces from the Light House; on the south side was the Ocean, and all around else was a low oozy marsh, covered thickly on one side with Mangrove bushes and other small growth; but on the other, the under growth had been cleared away to keep off the musketos. The beach was naked about four or five miles on either side. The thicket covered the marsh so thickly, and the ooze was so soft and mirey that a hog could not have gone through it. If you stooped very low you might see a short distance under the Mangrove bushes, but standing up you cannot see five feet in the ever glade,—as the young officers in the army call such places.

Passing to the house I thought I heard a splash in the mud, and concluded it was one of those cursed Alligators that crawl about the yard and eat my pigs; another splash and I stooped to see what it was and God bless your soul, there were ever so many of them devils the Seminoles, up to their armpits in mire, holding their Rifles over head, and tugging and struggling to get through the mud!

As soon as they saw that they were discovered, "click—bang—bang—whizz-z-z!" went a dozen rifles. Carter left his coffee and came hobbling out of the house, crying, "O God-a-massa; de Ingens—de Ingens, O God-a-massa!"

I bawled at him to run for the Light House, but there he stood, turning round and round making lamentations, and not knowing which way to move, I turned back, seized him by the wool of the head, and with cuffling kicking and pulling, got him inside the door just as the foremost devils were about to lay hold of it.

Fortunately I was not wounded, the balls whistled through my shirt and trousers and my hat had several holes through it.

Well, I felt now pretty safe. The door however was made of pine boards and not at all intended to resist a siege of seventy or eighty savages thirsting for blood.

Several balls had passed in the door when it was open, and sticking in some of Uncle Sam's oil casks, had set them to running so that the floor was now ankle deep in oil. Anticipating a difficulty of this kind, I had previously provided a number of old water tanks and casks which I picked upon the shore and placing them in such a manner as to leave just space enough for a man to crawl through after he had passed the door, (leaving room for the door to shut,) I filled them with sand, stones &c., forming a barricado that was almost impregnable. After having closed and bolted the door, I made Carter crawl through the opening and then followed myself.

I now held a council of war with myself, (for poor Carter seemed panic struck and nothing I could say would bring him too) and determined to hold out to the last.

"We're safe now, Carter," said I, trying to stimulate him to exertion. "If you will only act the man; here take this axe, and stand fast; if they break down the door how the first head that pokes itself through the hole here, and sing out and I'll come to your relief. I'll go to the window and see if I can't amuse them there while you stand guard here."

He seized the axe, and raised it in a striking posture as if just then he was about to strike off an Indian's head.

"Now, be a man," said I, "and we're safe."

"O God—a, massa!" was all the reply I could get from him as he stood with the axe drawn, his teeth chattering, and his knees knocking against each other.

A single resolute man could have defended the entrance against a host, but my lieutenant, (who was a brave fellow) was completely paralyzed by fear.

I had with me two muskets and a rifle and ammunition in the greatest abundance; so I loading up the two muskets with about forty buckshot each, and the rifle with two balls

I retreated up the winding stairs till I came to the first window.

The Indians, when they found the door bolted against them, had made for the dwelling, whooping, laughing, and yelling like so many fiends, as they are. In they all crowded and began the search for food, for they seemed half starved. They rolled a barrel of flour out stove in the head, and commenced eating the raw flour, cramming it down their throats, which made them choke and cough, blowing the flour over their black faces and hideous naked bodies besmeared with mire.

From the time we first bolted the door until I was at the window with my guns loaded, not more than ten minutes could have passed. When I gained the window, keeping my body hid, I could see them gathered around the barrel of flour as before stated, some forty or fifty in number, while the rest were going through and around the house in search of food. It is evident they did not expect resistance from so feeble a force as we were, for many of them had set down their guns; and not one seemed to be apprehensive of danger.

I now prepared to give them a broad-side, and being at a lower window could rake them fore and aft. I had no hope in capitulation.

They were not more than a hundred feet from me; so placing my guns in a position that I could handle them readily, I laid out my cartridges, intending after the first round to fire the muskets alternately.

I took dead aim at the bunch who were diving their hands into the flour, some laughing at the whitened faces of the others, some grinning and making mouths, and all in high glee; loud roared the old musket but I did not wait to see the effects of my fire before I blazed away with the other, and seizing the rifle presented that, but was blinded by the smoke of the two first fires. The screams and yells which followed, told plainly of the effects of the handful of shot I had sent among them. I went to a window higher up and peeped cautiously out, at about the same instant that they sent a perfect shower of balls in at the window I had just left. I saw a fellow dragging off a wounded Indian near the edge of the thicket,—for you must know, with the Seminoles there's more honor in carrying off the dead or wounded than in taking a scalp—I saw him making off with the wounded Indian and took my rifle and drew a bead on a white flour spot on his breast; he keeled over with a bounce, and then the wounded Indian tried to get him off but it was no go, so he laid down by his side. The fools rattled away at the window again where I last was,—as if I would stay there to be shot—but I was at another calmly looking out for another shot.

After I had fired about twenty times, they were very cautious about showing themselves; whenever I could catch the glimpse of one I let him have it, using rifle or musket according to the distance.

By this time I had taken about twenty prisoners.—You laugh at that but it is a fact.—I had them penned up near the door of the Light House right under me, so that if they came out some one was sure to be shot, while standing where they did, I could not bring my guns to bear upon the cowardly dogs; and there they stood 'till night.

Occasionally I would call out to Carter to know how he came on.

"O God a—O massa!" was always the reply.

There was now a perfect stillness, and I employed some time in cleaning up my guns. I began at last to fear that some devilry was going on, so I put my hat on the end of a ramrod and poked it just above the window sill—rattle and smash but they wasted their ammunition and riddled my poor old hat. Now was my time to be still. They thought I had been killed and began one by one to peep out. I saw one fellow with a torch of light-wood and another with a bundle of sticks making a circuit with a view of reaching the door to fire it. I thought if that was done all would be up with me. I fired at the foremost one and they both made off.

A party had gone down to take possession of my sleep ("the Little Billy" as I called her,) that I was telling you about yesterday.

She had most of my stores a-board, and was anchored off shore just out of gun-shot. She had some lead on board, a quantity of bacon hams, and a few bottles of rum. They took some of the hams and cut them up to make sacks for carrying off the flour.

I kept the Little Billy always ready that I might, if hard run, take to her and make off, for the beach was naked some miles and I had no thought the Indians could approach where an alligator would hardly crawl. I learnt afterwards that they were three days in coming four miles.

It was now growing dark. I went down to see what Carter was about and there he stood with the axe still, and now commenced our trouble. The door was on fire. We fought hard to extinguish the flames, but the pine boards and the oil was too much for us, so retreating up the winding stairs, taking along the guns and ammunition with a keg of powder, we were driven by the fire to the very top of the Light House into what is called the Lantern, built of frame work with ash and glass. The platform on which the lantern stands is a brick floor some two feet thick, covered with flag stone, in the centre of which is a small trap door lined with copper. We shut down the door and made it fast. The only wood-work about the building is the stairs and a large shaft of timber